

The Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

—WHOLE No. 425.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829.



JAL POETRY.

Restored to Jerusalem.

Rejoice our song,
As swell her green valleys along,
Jerusalem tread,
We are placed on her ruins and soil.

Our country is safety, and now
In gratitude low;
In glory arise,
To wear the blue skirt.
Splendours which Solomon gave,
And the spoils of the wave;

These to them shall arise,
With their pristine glories.

Israel is born,
In Babylon's plain;
Our princes were gone,
From us withdrawn.

Now Jehovah has ear,
To lighten and cheer;

In affliction's fierce fire,
To the homes of our sires.

Our robes have crumpled away,
With the smoke of the fray;

Down in his hair,
After the beauties once there.

Beauty again shall abide,
As pomp and as pride;

Our soul,

The Lord over all.

ADA.

A LADY,
In one of the Southern States
In Winter, robed in storm
And maintains his way;
A worn and rugged form
Going of a day.

None might find a home
Nor gather rest,
No passion never none,
Never forgot!

Days are brightening o'er thee,
More decks the ground,
Sets bloom before thee,
On thy path surround!

And cast thou bid,
In southern sky
Content no'v has pined,
Never learned to sight

No voice of death
The notes of gladness,
Her eyes press wreath,
Gazing hours of sadness.

Not' a southern smile,
Nor o'erpress the spray;
Summer's pinions, time
Silently away.

So may those more fair,
Light and skiey clearer,
Under feelings there,
In thy name is dearer.

AMCOLO.

LINES.
Written on the death of the amiable Miss A. C. of Southwark.

He comes, he comes! O, I rejoice
That I again may hear his voice;
He comes, he comes! I can hear him still,
Nor by my warmth bring dearest ill."

In Dein's bower, as Ora now,
With evil heart and darkened brow;

Yet little weens the maid careless,

How soon her woe must join the blest.

As Ora talks of love the while,
She little marks his bosom's galls;

Bug-binks, as well the maiden may,

Whose life has been a holy-day,

That she shall fall to morrow's dawn,

On shady wood and flowery lawn,

With thoughts as free and boundless mind,

As she was wont when but a child.

To-morrow, yet is heaven stends

To leave of Him whose will is fate,

What errand unto earth he sends,

That fallen clime of souls ingests.

Yet, when it comes, like yesterday,

That heralds to mortality,

It soon will pass away, away,

O'er fraught with human misery.

Upon-to-morrow fancy dwells,

And pictures him in gaudy hue;

And hope with all her airy spells;

Would us persuade the picture's true.

But, O! could all the human rare,

In truth, their future mornows see,

They wond but hate this ills chase

Of evanescent vanity.

ADA.

LINES.
Written on the death of the amiable Miss A. C. of Southwark.

"I should not weep thy early fate—
Nor let escape our single sigh,
Should rejoice at thy best state.
To know thou'ret with thy God on high."

But men's often will recall

The many virtues, bright and clear;

Oh! then I mourn thy early fall

With many a warm and silent tear.

I knew thou well, by gone years

When beauty smiled upon thy brow.

I knew thou well—when sorrows tears

Scarce yet had dim'd thine eyes bright glow.

Fall well! I knew thy virtues—all

Thy sex's softer—brightest hues;

When thy Bader's faun call

Had raised thyself to heavenly views.

Bliss shade!—the selfish tear forgive—

Despite of reason—Friendship's call

Must be obeyed—the drop will live

When Mom'y opens its sacred hall.

Bliss to thy friends thou'rt left behind—

Brothers and sisters—one and all;

Lord! may they seek—grant they may find

The value of thy benignant call.

Lord! 'tis thy will to give, to take,

For should one soul—one eye respite;

Grant us the will—the power to make

Our peace with thee—on free realms.

SELRHAC.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

[From the Philological Institute, Pittsburgh.]

A FRAGMENT.

It was night. I wandered forth in a melancholy mood, to inhale the evening breeze, on the banks of the smooth and placid lake, on which the town of P—— is situated: the moon, "pale queen of night," rode in unclouded majesty through the heavens, and not a sound was heard, save when the shrill whistle of the whippoorwill or the mournful cry of the night owl, in the deep recesses of the forest, broke upon the stillness of the evening. The scene was in exact accordance with my feelings; but, instead of alleviating, (as I had hoped) it tended to increase the melancholy which preyed upon my heart. I thought of the time, when in the buoyancy of youth and spirits, I tripped along these very banks, where now my sluggish limbs almost refused to do their duty; I remembered the day, when my visions of future life were bright and pleasing, when not a single spot darkened the sphere of my expectations. But those days were past—were gone for ever, and had left naught but their sad remembrance behind. Think not, reader, that it was in consequence of the loss of worldly wealth, or even of friends, that I felt thus sad. No! of gold I had enough, and more than enough for all my wants. I was surrounded by doting parents, affectionate relatives and loving friends, but still there was a void, still one dark cloud hovered over my destiny, and threatened my dissolution.

I loved Amelia—with tenderness never

surpassed. The exquisitely moulded form, her soft expressive blue eyes, her angelic countenance, but still more her goodness of heart, had at the early age of fifteen captivated my wandering unfeigned thoughts. After an absence of three years, I had just returned from college, and having exchanged the friendly greetings which saluted me on my arrival, my anxious enquiry was for the beloved of my heart, acquired anxiously after the beloved of my heart. What then was my surprise and astonishment on hearing that she had retired with her father no one knew whither. All my endeavours to discover her retreat had proved unavailing, and I now wondered a disconsolate and heart-broken wretch without a ray of hope to cheer me.

Filled with reflections on my cruel destiny, I wandered for a long time, regardless of the late hour of the night, until I was obliged to give way to weariness, and sitting down on the fragment of a rock, I regarded for a time the placid bosom of the lake, and envied its calm repose. I did not however long remain in this situation, being pleasantly interrupted by the soft and melodic tones of a female voice, which proceeded from a short distance up the lake, and echoing from the opposite shore, fell with a grateful sensation on my listening ear. I sat still for a moment bending an anxious ear towards the place from whence the sound had issued—a vague idea crossed my mind, "perhaps it is she;" and springing from my seat I hastened towards the voice; I paused however as I approached and listened attentively, lest I should be mistaken, but was soon convinced I was right—no voice but my Amelia's could produce the thrilling effects which those sounds produced. As I came near I could plainly distinguish the words of a little song which I had dedicated to her:—my heart leaped when I beheld her seated under the canopy of an aged beach tree. All decorum was forgotten for the moment—I rushed forward and pressed her to my heart with sensations of delight to which I had long been a stranger. She herself, though she shrank with becoming mod-

desty from my embrace, seemed equally delighted with the meeting. Her father's dwelling was not far distant, whether we immediately repaired.—The good old man was delighted to see me, and notwithstanding the lateness of the night, we spent a considerable time in agreeable chat.—Need I add, that Amelia is now my partner for life, and as an affectionate wife and fond mother is a pattern to her son.

A. B. F.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

An Address read before the Philological Institute,

June 9, 1829.

Breathe there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land! —W. S.

There is no feeling that exists in the heart of man, of a deeper, purer, or more hallowed character, than love of country. From the highest in the scale of earthly honors, to the lowest from the possessor of the highest offices of rank and distinction, down to the humble peasant that dwells in peace beneath the roof of a lonely cottage, this feeling is felt alike, in all its power. True, indeed, it sometimes degenerates into a selfish principle, that looks to nothing but its own interests; but when this is the case, it not only degrades the man in the eyes of his countrymen, but renders him unworthy the high honor of being a citizen, or subject of any government. When in its purity, there is not to be found a more sublime or generous impulse, or a nobler principle of action, in the heart of man. It is a theme on which the poet dwells with rapture and delight, and the pen of the historian traces with "words of fire," the life and actions of the patriot.

It is love of country, that endears to the wandering Ishmaelite, the arid and sandy deserts of Arabia; it is love of country, that presents to the view of the despoiled African, the parched soil and the burning deserts of his native land, as the most beautiful and interesting place on earth; and it is love of country, that binds the heart of the European, to the green fields and the fertile forests which are scattered far and wide over the land of his fathers.

But in no country on the face of the globe, is this principle displayed in a stronger or more disinterested manner than our own. It was this that caused the statesmen and warriors of the Revolution, to pledge their "lives, their fortune, and" even "their sacred honor," to the interests of their country demand the sacrifice; this was that enabled them successfully to resist the power of a nation, at that time the mightiest in the world.

It was this that enabled them to sustain the trials of the inquisitive; at least they were entirely concealed. The horseman had been observed by some labourers, in the early part of the afternoon, travelling with that same measured pace, and selecting the same concealed and unfrequented paths, as when introduced to the reader. But he had now arrived at a turn in the path which commanded a far different view. Upon the margin of the stream, and close down to the shore, lay a huge plant, or fishing boat, drawn high upon the sands, and her keel exposed to the sun. Upon the bottom of this crazy vessel a rough-tressed, weather-beaten sailor, was endeavouring to bestow some repairs. Upon the banks of the river, and near to this spot, which appeared to be a rude fishing-ground, was situated three or four huts, apparently the habitations of this class of people. In the folds of a red sailor cloak, and appeared busily engaged in mending a net.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me if I am in the right road to Singleton Place?" said the stranger, who had by this time rode up near to the place where the fisherman was standing.

The man, who appeared to have been unconscious that any one had approached him, instantly turned around, but without doffing his hat, or laying down the hammer with which he was at work, regarded him for a moment with a keen and penetrating look, and then muttering to himself, in a low and suppressed tone, "Singleton Place! Singleton Place!" and then raising his voice, he replied, "and will you, Mr. Stranger, be so good as to tell me the why, and wherefore, and by whose permission, you go up to Singleton Place?" "Perhaps," said the stranger, smiling, "by permission of Lord Sterling?" "Sterling?" muttered he to himself, "faith, the fellow has got the watch-word; and yet what business can he have at Singleton Place? You had better slight, master stranger," repeated he, "and take a bit of something to eat. Jock will be home before night, and he will gang to the place with ye."

"Nay, but my good Sir," said the traveller, "my business is urgent, and beside, if you will inform me whether I am in the right road, I can seek for information farther on."

"It is impossible," said the weather-beaten mariner; "and furthermore," said he, lowering his voice, "if you come from any of our great leaders, Marion, Sumpter, or what not, mind how you deal with John Singleton?" "Certainly, Sergeant," said J.; "a tenant ought to know his landlord." "And you have heard of Anderson?" "Certainly," said J. "You will mind, then, Robin," said he, "and put a sharp eye upon this old rony. See who goes up to Singleton Place, and know the why, when, and the wherefore." "Trust me for that," said J. "And now," said he, drawing a long bottle from his leather knapsack, and putting it to my mouth, "here's to all true republicans."

Heen the fisherman, recovering from his story, drew a long breath, snatched his lips, and appearing disappointed that he could not go through the most agreeable part of his recital, resumed his work in silence.

"Perhaps," said the traveller, who appeared to be impatient of delay, "you are poor and perhaps," said he, offering him several pieces of silver coin, "this money, this will remunerate you for your trouble." The fisherman, for a moment, turned a suspicious and enquiring glance upon him, and then dashing his hammer with some violence against the side of his boat, he replied with some vehemence, "traveler, stranger, American, or English, be you what you may, you mistake Robin McCull. It is not your money I want. But do you wish to pass by in daylight, and out of the room he flings. Just at that moment another boy who appeared to be one or two years older than the first, entered at an opposite door and began to give the fisherman a description of some terrible personage whom he had just left at the fishing-ground. "He wears a long feather," said the boy—"Ump," said the father, "and a steel cutlass mounted with silver," repeated the boy. The sound of the word appeared to operate as a talisman upon the fisherman; and immediately dashing the cutlass upon the table, he exclaimed, "Sergeant M'Donald, by God! Oh, the joys of to-night!" and with hasty steps he arose and left the apartment.

The fisherman continued sitting at the table for a few moments after the fisher left the apartment, and appeared to be busily engaged in reflecting upon the course which was to be pursued. Suddenly, however, he was aroused from this state of stupor and indifference by the harsh voice of the Scotchwoman exclaiming in his ear, "Glanville Pemberton, would ye be lost? are ye to waste the coming of my countrymen? can ye establish your innocence?"

"Away, hamey, away!" The traveller sprung upon his feet, but knowing that his secret was safe with this woman, demanded in a hasty manner the step he must take to escape the impending danger. "Follow me," said she, and as she uttered these words she turned and left the apartment. The traveller arose, and gathering his cloak more closely around him, followed his aged conductress in silence. The door by which they left the apartment opened into a little flower or kitchen garden, enclosed with a high paling or wall. At the furthest extremity of this enclosure was a little wicket, which opened into the compound, in which our hero's horse was quietly feeding. The old woman placed her hand upon the latch, and then turned to the horseman, continued: "You will find your beast already saddled. Mount, and wait for Jock; he will conduct you safe to Singleton Place. Farewell! my child," said she as she turned towards the building, and the next moment her slight figure was lost in the thickness of the shrubbery. "Strange," said the traveller, as he unlatched the gate that led to the pound, "that this woman should take such an interest in my welfare; but it must be fate by which I am protected."

The traveller had now mounted his horse and

walked impatiens for the approach of his guide. The soldiers had already entered the fisherman's but had commenced their midnight revel. The moon, which for a time had been wading through thick fleecy clouds now broke out into a clear open sky, and showed him, with a few rods of his horse's head, the instant, think set figure of the fisherman's boy. "Unspect," said he, as he approached the spot where the traveller was standing. "Sterling," was the prompt reply. A shrill whistle from the boy, the next drew to his side a little ragged half wild man, upon whose smooth face was no scruple to place a feather bridle; and the party having mounted the cavalcade, set forward. The stranger had already passed the stable in the afternoon, when on his way to Singleton Place; he route than, at this time, lay directly in front of the fisherman's building. He would have foregone this proposition and follow his guide in silence. Before arriving opposite the hut he discovered that

padding, mostly down up and back the town of the Henry Clinton.—right enough, right enough," said he, and drawing our young officers to a chair, he hastily wrote the card and continued to read for some time with considerable attention, then removing his spectacles, and beginning to unfold his letter with all the enthusiasm of a man who has received some indispensable information, he continued, "Why, you, too, Major Pemberton, of Hampton or Marion could be captured, the opposition would probably say much; but here lays the difficulty, Captain Francis Marion," said he, elevating his voice. "Why, my good sir, I had rather you'd let me catch a novel by moonlight. And besides, I've been received from the newspaper office—where he is now in the office on the Peddler's—Major Pemberton, taking his like like a man who disappointed in his exchange, your instructions, if I rightly understand the commander-in-chief, are not confined entirely to those two rebel Generals; any information respecting the movements of Ashley would greatly assist the royal cause." "Ay, more enough, more enough," said the old man, "but carts that ploughed after Anderson they have kept such a tight eye upon me that I could hardly escape from my hall door without being watched by that great Scotch Sergeant, McDonald; however, Arthur will be home to-night from Ashley point, and by his information I shall be able to make out your instructions by the morning.—But Major you are fatigued," repeated he, "and I will detain you no longer. Here, Duncan," said he to a servant, who at that moment entered the room, "show Mr. Duncan to his apartment." The stranger bowed and left.

When Major Pemberton reached his apartment, his first movement was to throw himself into a chair, and to think over the events of his journey. He called to mind the unexpected presence of Alice, the dangers which he had escaped, and the dangerous and precarious position upon which he was employed. His mind became agitated, and the heat of the room appearing to increase, he threw open the curtains of his window, to receive the cool and refreshing breeze of the evening. The night was clear and invigorating; the little fleecy clouds which had, in the early part of the evening, obscured the sky, were now driving off to the east, and the full, clear moon was riding high in the heaven. It was indeed a scene of exquisite mellowness; and the bosom of the little river Ashley, as it flowed peacefully by his window, appeared undisturbed, by a single ripple. It was in the contemplating this scene that his mind became in a measure composed, and leaning his head upon the sash of his window, his thoughts naturally reverted back to the scenes of his boyhood. From these reflections he was presently aroused by a low and gentle knocking at the door, and bidding them to enter, the light and delicate figure of Matilda Mortimer stood before this astonished knight-saint. Amazement for a time sealed up his lips, but recovering from this state of embarrassment, he arose, and advancing to the spot whence she was standing, "Matilda," said he, "may I ask the cause of this unexpected visit?" The neck and face of this young girl were instantly suffused with blushing, but gathering confidence from the countenance that appeared to sit upon his countenance, she replied, that she had come to warn him of the danger by which he was surrounded, and to teach him the most ready way to avoid it. Pemberton remained silent, and the young lady continued—"Duncan, has just returned from Ashley point, and brings word that an order had just arrived to arrest a Mr. Dunellan, staying at Gloucester Place; and, oh! Gloucester," repeated she, "this must refer to you. Forgive my impudent step, and fly immediately." Before he had time to reply she had left the apartment.

"And angels," said he, as he turned and paced the floor of his apartment, "waited with Seth woven to effect my deliverance. But my ease 'twas hid—oh! how, though I will make no effort," and advancing to the table, he extinguished the light, and sought the private staircase which led to the garden. Arrived at the stable, he found his horse still feeding, with the bridle hanging upon the bow of the saddle, and immediately adjusting it, he mounted and took the road which lay opposite to Ashley point. But the whole encampment was now in commotion—signals guns were continually firing, and the distant roll of the drum called the drummer soldier to his post of action.

All hopes were now set off, and he had determined to surrender himself to the first party of soldiers he should fall in with, when his horse made a sudden spring, and the next moment his ribs were firmly seized by the strong arm of Alice McCree.

"Diana know," said she, in her shrill Scotch dialect, "you are riding into the trap of your enemies! But catch him, child," said she, "do you not see the horses already in front of you?" And indeed the old woman spoke true, for hardly had they concluded their course behind the low brick wall, when a party of eight horses, headed by the renowned Sergeant McDonald, swept by. When the sound of the horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, the old woman arose, and still retaining her hold of the horse's bridle, she continued—"And now, my child, ride swiftly forward; stop not till you come to the bottom of the ravine; turn short to the left, then ford the river, and keep along the left bank until you arrive at your encampment: remember," said she, "the watch-word is Steubenville."

"I am safe, near Bordentown, on last Saturday morning.

The Upper Canada papers speak of a most abundant and excellent harvest the present season. The wheat is of the very best quality, and potatos were selling at Kingston at 10d. per bushel.

The Sheriff of Alleghany county has received the death warrant for the execution of the murderer Sweeney. He is to suffer the penalty of the law on the 2d of October next.

The Marion Hotel, at Port Hope, Upper Canada, was robbed on the night of the 24th of August, of property in cash and notes to the amount of five thousand and forty pounds sterling, belonging to John L. Williams, Esq. Mr. W. has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for such information of the robbers as may bring them to justice. It was supposed they shaped their course for the United States with their booty.

The Harrisburg Chronicle of the 14th instant, says—"The canal is in navigable order from Middle-town to Clark's ferry. Three boats loaded with lumber for the bridge at Clark's ferry, passed up this morning, and three boats were at High Spore, on their way to this place, loaded with merchandise."

A writer in the Providence American considers a long notice of the Siamese boys with these words: "the animal world is full of wonders, from the Siamese boys down to the lowest species of life, a double yolked egg."

The Internments in Baltimore last week amounted to 37—males 22—females 15.

FAMILY PARTY.—The ten sons of Stephen and Sarah Morse, of Haverhill, N. H. lately met at the house of their parents, the youngest being 24 years of age.

At the West Chester Circuit Court, held at Bedford, New York, last Tuesday, Judge Emott presiding, two men by the names of McLean and Dugan, were convicted of forging and passing counterfeit money of the denomination of 25 cent pieces, and sentenced to the state prison for life.

The Navy Commissioners had advertised for proposals for a supply of Virginia Coal, to be delivered at the following places, between the 15th day of October and the 15th day of December next:—At Portsmouth, N. H. 2000 bushels; Boston 2000 bushels; New York 2000 bushels; Philadelphia 2000 bushels; Washington 10,000 bushels; Gospers 5000 bushels; Pensacola 2000 bushels.

It appears that the season has been very sickly in the region of the Gold Mines in Mecklenburgh county, N. C. Some deaths had occurred among those whom the prodigiousness of the mines had allureth them from the more healthy districts. Colwell's celebrated Gold Mine is at vicinity yields, it is said, \$1000 per week.

The Grand Jury of Wilkes County, N. C. grand-jury their fellow citizens on the decrease in

lovely female. Hardly an hour but what I saw her—hardly a day but what I spent a portion of it in her company.

At length I emerged from her the conclusion that our love was mutual, and a week after I was called upon duty, to the country. Upon the 1st of November, 1780, I was sent by the commanding-in-chief as the bearer of a private package to John Singleton, Esq. of Singleton, (here the narrative relates at full length the story which the reader has already pursued, and continuing, it may, early in the spring of 1781, Mr. Robert Pemberton arrived in Charlotte. Instantly I waited upon him, and was received with stolid formality. "I presume, titanium," said he, as I sat down in the room, "you are not married yet?" "I assured him that I was not—and are still disposed to be an bachelor ever." I muttered something respecting my natural rights, and was about to leave the room, when calling me back, he added—"Ay, just so, will you see this young lady with whom I have contracted this match, before it is broken off—you remember I told you she was abroad, and is now in Charleston. I will be at Clinton's assembly this evening, and I shall expect you at 8 o'clock, to accompany me down." I bowed silent and left the room.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at the assembly room, in which was assembled all the ton and fashion of the place; as several sets were at this moment engaged in dancing, we employed the time until their close, in walking around the room. The quick eye of Sir Robert soon detected the party he wished to see, and quickening his pace we soon came in contact with a small group of ladies, to one of whom he introduced me, with a look full of meaning; but judge my astonishment when I beheld, not the fair whom I had already fancied and doctored, but Matilda Mortimer. The secret was now explained; the event was such as it should have been, and it is needless to add we were married. By the death of John Singleton, which took place a few years after I was married, I became heir through my wife, who was nearly related to him, to Singleton Plaza. As business then called me to this place immediately, I determined to take the cottage of Robin McCree on my way, and upon a fine summer evening in the month of September, arrived at the door of the fisherman's hut. The old woman was sitting near the door of the house, busily engaged with her work, and appeared to have been unconscious that any one had approached her; but raising her head, her eyes encountered mine, and instantly she sprang towards me, and throwing her arms around my neck, she continued to exclaim, in an agitated and shrill tone, God guide us, it is an ain barn, it is my ain barn; and then giving way to her natural feelings, she wept for joy***. Here the narrative becomes illegible; but the reader may recognize in old Alice the faithful Scotch nurse of her tender years.

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Evening Post.

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EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

There were 92 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 29 of which were of adults, and 34 children, 27 under one year of age. 9 of the above were from the Almshouse, and 11 people of colour.

The steam boat belonging to the Citizens' Canal line, in which came passengers captain Baker's company, from Baltimore, made her way through the Chesapeake and Delaware canals. This is the first steam boat that has passed the whole distance.

One of the stages of the Despatch Line for Philadelphia, was, on Monday, upon before they got through the street in New Brunswick, and dashed to pieces. Fortunately none of the passengers were seriously injured, although two of them did not proceed on their journey.

The Junior Artillerists, under the command of Capt. C. Baker, returned from their excursion to Baltimore, on Wednesday afternoon. They were received at the steamboat landing by numerous detachment of volunteers, and escorted to the Military Hall in Library street. In the evening they visited the Arch street Theatre.

The working people's delegates of the city and county met on Saturday, and nominated GEORGE RIES for sheriff, EPHRAIM WILLIAMS for county commissioner, and JOHN DUBOIS for coroner.

The bars of the amphitheatre, on Old York road, Northern Liberties, have been rented for \$450, for the term of four months.

Ice was seen, near Bordentown, on last Saturday morning.

The Upper Canada papers speak of a most abundant and excellent harvest the present season. The wheat is of the very best quality, and potatos were selling at Kingston at 10d. per bushel.

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The Boston Patriot mentions that on a late day it was produced much consternation board.

A black man, being told to lower the small boat for the reception of passengers, did it in such a manner as to fill it with water. All hands then turned their attention to putting out the fire, which was quickly done, and it was found that the damage was not great.

At the commencement of Yale College, on the 9th instant, the degree of A. B. was conferred on seventy-four young gentlemen; and that of A. M. on forty alumnus. Thirty-five gentlemen, also alumnus, received the degree of M. D.

On last Friday night, a man fell from the gallery of the Baltimore circus, a height of 60 or 70 feet, and hurt himself but slightly.

A bunch of grapes has been gathered in Charleston, S. C. this season, that weighed three and a quarter pounds.

Eight criminals made their escape from the Buffalo jail on the 6th inst.

At the Labyrinth Garden of Mr. Smith, there is an apple tree, full of fruit, and has a fine show of blossoms.

An old lady in Wilbraham, Mass. in her 80th year, has several times spun 40 knots of woolen yarn per day.

A hog which weighs 1400 lbs. has been raised in Plattsburgh, Vt. and it is intended to send him to New York and Washington for exhibition. There is no mistake about his being a whale hog.

The Governor of Canada has appointed Commissioners with the view to the carrying into effect the intentions of the Act of the provincial Legislature for opening a navigable communication by the Richelieu with Lake Champlain.

The Spanish troops encamped on the banks of the Mississippi, complain bitterly of the attacks upon them by the Mosquitos.

An eagle was shot in Hingham, Mass. on Monday week, which measured six feet between the extremities of the wings.

On Saturday morning, as the sloop Hope, of Moshes, L. L. Bartlett & Son, master, was boating through the Narrows, she ran foul of the schooner Belvidere than at anchor, and received considerable damage. Captain Sanford, of the sloop Hope, in getting the vessel clear, slipped overboard and was drowned. Every exertion was made to save him, but to no avail.

The editor of the Brooklyn, Conn. Advertiser asks his readers to excuse him for devoting a great portion of his paper to advertisements, as much of the matter prepared for no column had been knocked into it by the jarring of the vessel.

The Grand Jury of Wilkes County, N. C. grand-jury their fellow citizens on the decrease in

numbers, of inestimable value, that men, notoriously intemperate in life and practice, are permitted under the constitution and laws of our state, to hold offices of either honor, profit or trust."

The Steamboat boy, which have attracted so much notice in Boston, have arrived in New York, and are to be exhibited at the Minerva Hall.

A dwelling house, and an adjoining building in Vinegatown, N. J. were, on Friday last, destroyed by fire, and, in consequence of nearly all the inhabitants of the town being at a camp meeting in the vicinity, almost the whole of the fixtures were lost.

A Boston paper proposed, as a puzzle for Philadelphia Lawyers, the question whether one of the Siamese doublets could be taken on C. S. at the suit of a stranger. Dr. Kilpatrick, who disputes in *Siamese Doublets et du Conflictus*, proposes a still more interesting case; whether one could maintain an action of slander against the other.

A Boston paper proposed, as a puzzle for New York State Law, the question whether one of the Siamese doublets could be taken on C. S. at the suit of a stranger. Dr. Kilpatrick, who disputes in *Siamese Doublets et du Conflictus*, proposes a still more interesting case; whether one could maintain an action of slander against the other.

The fare in the different steam boats from New York to Hartford, Conn. is reduced from five to three dollars.

The State of Massachusetts appropriates \$50,000 a year for the support of paupers.

A New Orleans paper complains that the Police of that city is wretchedly inefficient, in every respect.

All the dealers, merchants, &c. in Bennington, Vermont, have agreed never to take any more ardent spirits into that town.

It is stated in some of the papers, that the apothecaries of New Orleans have generally resorted to the poor, of that city gratis, whatever medicine shall be prescribed for them by the Physicians.

Stoffel Ruff, the Waggoner, who took goods from Baltimore, for a number of Western Country Merchants, and appropriated them to his own use, has been arrested and is now confined in the jail of Wheeling, whence he will be removed to Baltimore for trial. He is represented to have been concerned with a number of others in his fraud.

At Baltimore, on Monday night, the yards of three dwellings were plundered of every thing worth taking which they contained. From the stable of one a horse and harness were stolen.

The United States Frigate Brandywine, Commodore Jones; Vincennes, Capt. Finch, and Schr. Dolphin, were left on the Coast of the Mediterranean by the Jameson Beacham, all well, and anxiously expecting the relief squadron.

The New York Journal of Commerce announces that a gentleman in that city has made a discovery of a cure for dyspepsia. The remedy is not promulgated.

The first public school, at Baltimore, is to be opened on the 21st instant. Terms four dollars yearly for each pupil.

The Washington Journal and Intelligencer mention a report that Charles K. Gardner has been appointed assistant Post Master General, in place of Abraham Bradley.

The New York City Inspector reports the deaths of 148 persons during the last week, viz. 83 men, 29 women, 47 girls—72 of whom were under five years of age.

According to Masham and other respected authorities, there are trees in England, which may be supposed from the date which they furnish, to have existed a century or two before the Christian era. The celebrated Tortworth chestnut is considered not less than eleven hundred years old. In the reign of King John, more than seven hundred years ago, it was called the old chestnut.

BUG BEAR.—One of the Northern papers gives an account of a Bear that was shot by a youth while hunting, that was so completely covered with small bugs, similar to the species that are so annoying to good housewives, that he was a skeleton 15 minutes after his death. This would tell well in a second edition of Macbeth's travels.

An account of the sugar plantations of Louisiana, recently published, represents that Gen. Hampton's is the most extensive in the United States. This gentleman is likewise considered the largest slave holder in the Union. It has been stated, by good authority, that the number of slaves which he owns exceeds fifteen hundred.

From the Catskill Journal of Sept. 15.

During nearly the whole of last week, the good citizens of this state residing in and about Poughkeepsie, were kept in a state of excitement by the depredations of some two or three hundred oysters, (most of them, we believe, from Staten Island) upon the oyster beds opposite that place.

The facts connected with this unpleasant affair, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, are these. Three or four years since, a company of gentlemen residing in New Jersey, obtained permission under an express law of the state, to occupy a certain portion of the waters near the mouth of the river Hudson, for the purpose of planting and raising oysters—and for the privilege they were bound to pay a valuable annuity to the state.

Relying upon the protection of the state, the company proceeded to occupy the ground in the manner contemplated by the act. They have actually expended, we are assured, ten or twelve thousand dollars in the enterprise; and had, one short week since, a fair prospect of speedy and ample remuneration—the oysters having become so large and fine as to command a good price in the market.

On Tuesday last a numerous company of oysters from the state of New York commenced taking up the oysters planted by the company; they were immediately told that they were committing a trespass, and cautioned against proceeding in the business.

The oystermen disregarded these warnings, and the first day carried off a considerable quantity of the oysters belonging to the company. On the next morning (Wednesday) they returned with increased numbers, and again commenced their work of plunder. The company, in the mean time, had not been altogether inactive; they applied to the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, then sitting in New Brunswick, and for the county of Middlesex, on Tuesday afternoon, and the court directed the Sheriff of the said county, under a special writ, to take all persons trespassing on the company's oyster ground, and to raise a posse committee; he found it so, and on Wednesday morning proceeded to the oyster beds with the posse, and reasoned with the oystermen, and entreated them to leave the ground. They cursed him and stated they cared nothing for the sheriff of Middlesex, or all the sheriffs in New Jersey itself. Finding it impossible by civil means to prevail, he applied to the Sheriff of Middlesex, on the 2d instant, to issue a writ of habeas corpus, and the sheriff issued it, and the oystermen were compelled to leave the ground.

On the 3d instant, the sheriff, accompanied by a posse, and a number of men, went to the oyster beds, and the oystermen were compelled to leave the ground. They fled to the woods, and the sheriff followed them, and the oystermen were compelled to leave the ground.

On the 4th instant, the sheriff, accompanied by a posse, and a number of men, went to the oyster beds, and the oystermen were compelled to leave the ground.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respondent R., of Laurel, will bear in mind quality and not quantity that the merit of a Tale, in our view.

Our late communications have been unkind, and all of them require consideration. We would advise him to be particular hereafter.

The page will be found several contributions to an Association in Pittsburgh.—They have been published at an earlier date accidentally mislaid.

It is inadmissible.

One of an enigma commencing 'I am,' will furnish us with a solution, in proportion to its publication.

Answer is received, but not read. We have made above to R., of Laurel.

We want your sympathy. This is strangely unfortunate. Not only do we dearth of news, foreign and domestic, in the list of an Editor's paper superadded to this we are sick, principal assistants are sick; and vibrations the more afflictive, we business to attend to that we can.

On Wednesday *Dame & Pythias* was performed to a good house. Both the friends were well played, the former by Forrest and the latter by Archer.

The *Festivis*, Mons. and Mad. have been exhibiting their skill in the 'poetry of motion,' as Lady Morgan calls it, at this house during the past week. Who dares to say they are not excellent dancers! Not we, certainly.

Thursday there was a first appearance by a Lady of the city, in Lucy Bertram. She sings well in Mexico.—Captain Clark, of the schooner *Splendid*, arrived at this port this morning, in 2 days from Vera Cruz, informs us that the Spanish troops, to the number of 1500, five days after landing, marched into Tampico, of which they took possession, there being only 400 Mexican troops to oppose them in that quarter; but that Gen. Santa Anna, with 16,000 troops, left Vera Cruz two or three days before Captain C. sailed, and marched with them for Tampico. *Commodore Porter* was under arms in Mexico.

Mr. Forrest's benefit is fixed for this evening, on which occasion he will appear for the first time, in this city, in Miss Mitford's beautiful play of *Rienzi*.

At Walnut St. *Clara Fisher* took a benefit on Monday, and we are pleased in being able to say that, notwithstanding the attractions at the rival houses, she realized a handsome sum.

Mr. *Hawkins* commenced a short engagement at Walnut street, on Tuesday, in the character of Toll. He was well received. He and Clara Fisher are now playing together at the same house, where their united attractions are quite effective.

A young man, whose name was *Withy*, a comb-maker by trade, lost his life last Monday by the accidental discharge of a gun. The deceased was on a shooting party, in a boat on the Delaware, with two companions, they sitting aft, and he in the bow of the boat. One of their guns went off, and he received the whole load in the side of his throat, not far below the right ear. He died almost immediately.

A riot of a very serious nature occurred in Fourth street near Nine, on Sunday evening.—The origin we did not learn; but oats and blows were dealt round with a most remarkable disregard to breath, bones, and decency. We heard it stated that one young man concerned in the affray, was yesterday before the mayor, to answer for his disturbance of the city's peace.

On Sunday evening, about half past nine, a gentleman connected with a who sells dry-goods store in Market street near Fifth, no part of which was occupied as a dwelling house, thought, as he was passing near, that it might be well to look into the yard, and see that every thing was right. Having the key in his pocket, he opened the gate, on an alley to the second story window, and a rogue crawling up as if intending to commence operations, with two companions below, holding the board, and keeping a look out. The night was rather dark; and the adventurer, apparently thinking that the intruder had not seen them, hid themselves behind some boxes that lay in the yard. The gentleman, after debating with himself, for a few minutes, as to the best mode of securing the three, heard a footstep in the alley and called for the watch. The knaves started from their holes, and proceeded to climb over the wall into the adjoining yard. Their sconce darted forward at once, and seized one with a grasp from which he found it impossible to escape. Two or three men came running into the yard, but the other two had escaped. The prisoner was handed over to the watchman, and taken care of.—*Chron.*

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A well dressed man entered one of our most extensive jobbing houses in Pearl street, late in the afternoon of Friday, (having ascertained at the door that the partners were not in,) and said he would be obliged by the loan of fifty dollars U. S. money until the next day, as he had a bill to pay, for which the money he happened to have was not acceptable. The deponent succeeded at first; and the clerks, not doubting that it was some one of their numerous customers, were about furnishing the money. But on asking the fellow's name, he said he was Mr. —— of No. —, Marketfield street, Philadelphia, which street happens to have no existence. The result was, that the fictitious customer gave the clerks a sound schooling for hesitating to grant so slight an accommodation to such a patron, and went off, leaving them to congratulate themselves on their escape from a scheme planned and executed in first rate style.

The Store of Mott, Wood, & Morritt, 79 Pine street, was broken open on Sunday evening, and the following articles stolen:—4 pieces fine bleached muslin, one cotton bed ticking, one sun-tout coat, one piece mixed woolen cloth, six sheets cotton pilou, padding, and a large umbrella. The thieves were either alarmed, or forgot to open the desks and drawers, which contained several hundred dollars in bank notes and silver. They entered the store by forcing the iron bars in the cellar window in the rear, and went out through the front door, which was found open in the morning. The goods were thrown into a cellar in Pearl street, occupied by a colored man, who, on discovering them, had them immediately carried to the Police Office.

During the last week in August, Thomas T. Taul was shot at Winchester, Franklin county, Tennessee, by Rufus K. Anderson, Esq. of Alabama, a brother of Taul's first wife. Anderson was let to bail, it being supposed that Taul's wounds were not mortal, and returned to Alabama. The wounded man, however, died two days after.

From the Providence (R. I.) Subaltern.

The ADUCTION.—The following are the brief particulars of the case of abduction, to which we alluded in a former paper:—

About ten days since, a carriage drove hastily up to the door of one of the respectable hotels of the place, and the owner of it jumped out, and handed to the landlord an interesting female, who he called his wife, and stated that he wanted lodgings for the night. A suit of rooms was accordingly prepared, and the gentleman and lady entered on the premises.

The party had not been in town long, before a young gentleman of respectable address and gentlemanly appearance entered the hotel, and after enquiring for the strangers, stated that the lady was his sister—that she had been abducted by the man who accompanied her, and that he was anxious to snatch her from the clutches of the destroyer. As the lady and gentleman had retired to rest, and as the kidnapper did not know

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.
Mr. E. Forrest made his first appearance this season, at the Arch street Theatre, on Monday evening. The house was literally crammed; boxes, pit, and gallery were all filled to overflowing, and the applause with which Mr. F. was received, when he first came upon the stage, was absolutely deafening. Our ears still tingled with the shock received upon that occasion.

The performances were *Pizarro* and *Theresa*, in both of which Mr. F. sustained the heroes. His *Rolfe* is familiar to every body—it is one of his own parts, and they who think he does not play it well, if any such there are, are certainly hard to please. *Theresa* is a dull affair, and it required all the efforts of Mr. F. and Miss Rock, who personated the principal characters, to keep the audience from yawning. A five-act play and a three-act mela-drama on the same night, almost realize the old proverb of 'too much of a good thing,' &c. and form a real tax on the patience of the auditory.

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CONSTANTINOPLE, June 30th.—The great victory of the Russians near Shumla is generally known. The Porte is making the most vigorous preparations for resistance, but it is said that the necessity of yielding is felt. This is inferred, from the circumstance that the Dragoman of the Porte has received orders to sell out to-day or to-morrow for the Turkish army. This officer, it is well known, always acts a principal part in negotiations. An extraordinary courier has been despatched to Vienna.

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That the fate of war was in the hands of God; that the Pacha had then heard for the first time, of a victory having been gained; that all he knew was the explosion of some ammunition wagons, having produced a trilling disorder among his troops; that his duty as a military commander, and his little acquaintance with political negotiations, to which, as mere Governor of Romelia, he was a perfect stranger, did not allow him to negotiate; but that he participated in the success given at Chounia, to the propositions made by order of Gen. Dribesch, after the victory of June 11th.

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package, very soon up and with the arms of Sir Henry Clinton—“right enough, right enough,” said he, and without giving my young officer to a chair, he hastily broke the seal and continued to read for some time with considerable attention, then removing his spectacles, and beginning to unfold his letter with all the exactness of one who has received some interesting information, he continued, “Why, yes, yes, Major Pemberton, if Sumpter or Mason could be captured, the opposition would undoubtedly succeed; but here lies the difficulty, sir, France Mason,” said he, elevating his voice. “Why, my good Sir, I had rather go to meet a man by moonlight. And besides, as he has removed from this neighborhood—where will he now be on the Federal side?” and Major Pemberton, biting his lip like a man who is disappointed in his courage, “your deductions, if I rightly understand the commander in chief, are not confined entirely to those two rebel Generals; any information respecting the movements of Astley would greatly assist the royal cause.” “Ay, sure enough, my example,” said the old man, “but note that plagued affair of Anderson they have kept such a tight eye upon that I could hardly escape by that great Scotch Sergeant, McDonald; however, Arthur will be home to-night from Ashley point, and by his information I shall be able to make out your instructions by the morning.” “But Major you are fatigued,” repeated he, “and I will detain you no longer. flora, Duncan,” said he to a servant, who at that moment entered the room, “show Mr. Dunellan to his apartment.” The stranger bowed a good night, and left the hall.

When Major Pemberton reached his apartment, his first movement was to throw himself into a chair, and to think over the events of his journey. He called to mind the unexpected goodness of Alice, the dangers which he had escaped, and the disagreeable and precarious business upon which he was employed. His mind becoming agitated, and the heat of the room appearing to increase, he threw open the casements of his window, to receive the cool and refreshing breeze of the evening. The night was clear and invigorating; the little floating clouds which had, in the early part of the evening, obscured the sky, were now driving off to the east, and the full, clear moon was riding high in the heaven. It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness; and the bosom of the little river Ashley, as it flowed peacefully by his window, appeared undisturbed by a single ripple. It was in the contemplating this scene that his mind became in a measure composed; and loaning his head upon the sash of his window, his thoughts naturally reverted back to the scenes of his boyhood. From these reflections he was presently aroused by a low and gentle knocking at the door, and bidding them to enter, the light and delicate figure of Matilda Mortimer stood before this astonished knight-errant. Amazement for a time sealed up his lips, but recovering from this state of embarrassment, he arose, and advancing to the spot whence she was standing, “Matilda,” said he, “why I ask the cause of this unexpected visit?” The neck and face of this fair girl were instantly suffused with blushing, but gathering confidence from the countenance that appeared to sit upon his countenance, she replied, that she had come to warn him of the danger by which he was surrounded, and to touch him the most ready way to avoid it. Pemberton remained silent, and the young lady continued—“Duncan, has just returned from Ashley point, and brings word that an order had just arrived to arrest a Mr. Dunellan, staying at Singleton Place; and, oh! Gianvanni,” repeated she, “this must refer to you. Forgive my impudent step, and fly immediately.” Before he had time to reply she had left the apartment.

“And angels,” said he, as he turned and paced the floor of his apartment, “united with Seth woven to effect my deliverance. But my case is now hopeless at least, though I will make an effort.” And advancing to the table, he extinguished the light, and sought the private staircase which led to the garden. Arrived at the stable, he found his horse still feeding, with the bridle hanging upon the bow of the saddle, and immediately adjusting it, he mounted and took the road which lay opposite to Ashley point. But the whole encampment was now in commotion—signal guns were continually firing, and the distant roll of the drum called the drowsy soldier to his post of action.

All hopes were now cut off, and he had determined to surrender himself to the first party of soldiers he should fall in with, when his horse made a sudden spring, and the next moment his rider was firmly seized by the strong arm of Alice McCrae, swept by. When the sound of the horses’ hoofs had died away in the distance, the old woman arose, and still retaining her hold of the horse’s bridle, she continued—“And now, my child; ride swiftly forward; stop not till you come to the bottom of the ravine; turn short to the left, then ford the river, and keep along the left bank until you arrive at your encampment; remember,” said she, “the watch-word is Steuben. Throw this cloak over your shoulders, (presenting him with a large green cloth coat, such as were worn by the continental light-horse of the day,) and if any one ask you, whence go yet tell them you are in pursuit of the spy, Duncan; and now away,” said she. As she uttered these last words, the traveller dashed the rows of his spurs deep into the flanks of the horse, and with one sudden bound he cleared the thick copse-wood, and was soon lost in the gloom of the forest. Following the directions of the old woman, he gave the correct countersign, replied to the inquiries of the double chain of sentinels, and, covered with dust and dirt, he arrived about break of day within the lines of his encampment.

It was early in the month of November, 1782, that the independence of the colonies was formally acknowledged by the British negotiators, then assembled at Paris. The armies of Great Britain were recalled from our shores, and peace soon more visited our distressed country. Many of the English officers becoming attached to the feelings of the people, settled in different parts of the Union, and in the portfolio of a gentleman who died near Beaufort, South Carolina, about the year 1802, the following narrative was found:

I am the second son of Sir Thomas Pemberton, of Berkshires, England. I was early initiated in the use of arms, and during many of my juvenile years, which I spent in the Highlands of Scotland, was almost continually engaged in petty battles. About the year 1776, I was recalled to England, and made acquainted with an advantageous match, which my father had just concluded between myself and a rich heiress, who was then abroad. To this usurpation of my natural rights I strongly objected, and my father becoming irritated, I employed the good offices of a friend, who obtained me a commission in the army, and I immediately embarked for America. In Charleston I became acquainted with many young officers of my own age, and so managed considerably in company, was not at a loss for amusement. It was at the birth-night party of Mrs. Townly that I first became acquainted with Matilda Mortimer. She was young, beautiful and fascinating. With her family I was unacquainted; but she was at this time staying with a relation in Charleston. Young and ardent in my affections, I gave myself up entirely to the direction of this new

lively female. Hardly an hour but what I saw her—hardly a day but what I spent a portion of it in her company.

At length I wrote from her the confession that our love was mutual, and a week after I was called upon duty, to the country. Upon the first of November, 1780, I was sent by the commander-in-chief as the bearer of a private package to John Singleton, Esq. of Singleton, (here the narrative relates at full length the story which the reader has already perused,) and continuing, it says, early in the spring of 1781, Sir Robert Pemberton arrived in Charleston. Instantly I waited upon him, and was received with studied formality, “I presume, Givens,” said he, “you’re here to leave the room, ‘you are not invited yet.’” I assured him that I was not—and are still disposed to be as members, or ever.” I muttered something respecting my natural rights, and was about to leave the room, when calling me back, he added—“At least, you will see this young lady with whom I have contracted this matrimony, before it is broken off; you remember, I told you she was abroad, and she is now in Charleston. I will be at Clinton’s随时 this evening, and I shall expect you at 9 o’clock, to accompany me down.” I bowed assent and left the room.

At 9 o’clock we arrived at the assembly room, in which was assembled all the ton and fashion of the place; as several sets were at this moment engaged in dancing collisions, we employed the time until their close, in walking around the room. The quick eye of Sir Robert soon detected the party he wished to see, and quickening his pace we soon came in contact with a small group of ladies, to one of whom he introduced me, with a look full of meaning; but judge my astonishment when I beheld, not the girl whom I had already fancied and doctored, but Matilda Mortimer. The secret was now explained; the event was such as it should have been, and it is needless to add we were married. By the death of John Singleton, which took place a few years after I was married, I became heir through my wife, who was nearly related to him, to Singleton Place. As business then called me to the place immediately, I determined to take the cottage of Robin McCrae in my way, and upon a fine summer evening in the month of September, arrived at the door of the fisherman’s hut. The old woman was sitting near the door of the house, busily engaged with her work, and appeared to have been unconscious that any one had approached her; but raising her head, her eyes encountered mine, and instantly she sprang towards me, and throwing her arms around my neck, she continued to exclaim, in an agitated and shrill tone, God guide us, it’s my ain bairn, it’s my ain bairn; and then giving way to her natural feelings, she wept for joy**** Here the narrative becomes illegible; but the reader may recognize in old Alice the faithful Scotch nurse of his tender years. R.

July 12, 1829.

Evening Post.

OFFICE NO. 112 CHESTNUT STREET.

Price—25 cent per annum—payable in advance.
65 cent do. if not paid during the year.
\$1.25 for six months—in advance.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the Publisher,
who arranges are done.

* Small notes of solvent banks received at par
value for Subscriptions, &c. by mail.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

There were 92 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 39 of which were of adults, and 54 children, 27 under one year of age. 9 of the above were from the Almshouse, and 11 people of colour.

The steam boat belonging to the Citizens’ Canal line, in which came passengers captain Baker’s company, from Baltimore, made her way through the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. This is the first steam boat that has passed the whole distance.

One of the stages of the Dispatch Line for Philadelphia, was, on Monday, upset before they got through the street in New Brunswick, and dashed to pieces. Fortunately none of the passengers were seriously injured, although two of them did not proceed on their journey.

The Junior Artillerists, under the command of Capt. C. Baker, returned from their excursion to Baltimore, on Wednesday afternoon. They were received at the steamboat landing by a numerous detachment of volunteers, and escorted to the Military Hall Library street, in the evening when they visited the Arch street Theatre.

The auctioneers of Boston paid into the state treasury, in the six months ending on the 31st of May 1829, the sum of \$15,200 48. The largest sum paid by any individual was \$4,436 79—the smallest \$12 47.

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On last Friday night, a man fell from the gallery of the Baltimore circus, a height of 60 or 70 feet, and hurt himself but slightly.

A bunch of grapes has been gathered in Charleston, S. C. this season, that weighed three and a quarter pounds.

Eight criminals made their escape from the Buffalo jail on the 6th inst.

At the Labyrinth Garden of Mr. Smith, there is an apple tree, full of fruit, and has a fine show of blossoms.

An old lady in Wilbraham, Mass. in her 80th year, has several times spun 40 knots of woolen yar per day.

A hog which weighs 1400 lbs. has been raised in Poultney, Vt. and it is intended to send him to New York and Washington for exhibition. There is no mistake about his being a whale hog.

The Governor of Canada has appointed Commissioners with the view to the carrying into effect the intentions of the Acts of the provincial Legislature for opening a navigable communication by the Richelieu with Lake Champlain.

The Spanish troops encamped on the banks of the Mississippi, complain bitterly of the attacks upon them by the Marquisos.

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On Saturday morning, as the sloop Hope, of Moriches, L. I. Barlow H. Sanford, master, was boating through the Narrows, she ran foul of the schooner Belvidere then at anchor, and received considerable damage. Captain Sanford, of the sloop Hope, in getting the vessel clear, slipped overboard and was drowned. Every exertion was made to save him, but to no effect.

The editor of the Brooklyn, Conn. Advertiser asks his readers to excuse him for devoting a great portion of his paper to advertisements, as much of the matter prepared for its columns had been knocked into it by the jarring of a gun at the training in the village.

It appears that the season has been very sickly in the region of the Gold Mines in Mecklenburgh county, N. C. Some deaths had occurred among those whom the productiveness of the mines had attracted from the more healthy districts. Colwell’s celebrated Gold Mine at that vicinity yields, it is said, \$1,000 per week.

The Grand Jury of Wilkes County, N. C. congratulates their fellow citizens on the decrease in the sales of ardent spirits, and “present as a gratuity

of incalculable evil, that was, notoriously intemperate in his habits and passions are permitted under the constitutions and laws of our state, to hold offices of either honor, profit or trust.”

The Seaman boys, which have attracted so much notice in Boston, have arrived in New York, and are to be exhibited at the Minnow Hall.

A dwelling house, and an adjoining building in Vincennes, Ind. were, on Saturday last, destroyed by fire, and, in consequence of nearly all the inhabitants of the town being at a camp meeting in the vicinity, shared the whole of the destruction.

A Boston paper proposed as a plan for Philadelphia lawyers, the question whether one of the Spanish debtors could be taken on Ca. Sa. at the suit of a stranger. Mr. Kilpatrick, who disputes *cauit scilicet et debilitate causa*, proposes a still more interesting plan; whether one could maintain an action of slander against the other.

The Killingworth, Conn. veterans it would appear, were a giant race. Among a company of forty-four men raised in that town at the commencement of the revolutionary war, not one was less than six feet high, and it is said they all did their duty.

The Virginia gold mining company, working in Spotsylvania county, have, in the last four weeks, obtained 1200 dwt. of native gold worth about \$1200.

The sentence of the court in the case of George Swearingen, has been made out. The execution is to take place on Friday, the second of October next. On the 8th day of Sept. 1828, he murdered his wife, and on the 8th day of September, 1829, a warrant for his execution was issued.

A Virginia paper states, that counterfeit ten dollar bills are in circulation, purporting to be on the Farmers’ Bank of Virginia, payable at Fredericksburg, to John T. Brooks, dated 2d November, 1819, letter well executed, but the quality of the paper bad.

The Friends’ Meeting House, in Durham, N. C. was entirely consumed by fire, on the 22d ult.

It is supposed the fire was occasioned by sparks falling on the roof, from the fire of a blacksmith working near the Meeting House. The society of Friends in Durham is large, as was their house of worship.

Two schoolmasters are in jail at Andrews, N. C. having been convicted of forgery.

The Huntsville (Alabama) Advocate, of Aug. 8, says—Thomas P. Taul, Esq. was shot in the streets of Winchester, Tenn. on Monday last, by Rufus K. Anderson, Esq. of this state. Mr. Taul died on Wednesday.

LITERACY AMONG PRINTERS.—Proposals have been received by the agents appointed for furnishing the State of New Hampshire with 600 copies of the revised statutes. Mr. Long of Hopkinton, made the lowest offer, which was accepted. He gives five dollars for the privilege of furnishing the State with the *Code volume*, (about 600 large octavo pages, bound) gratis.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the command of squadrons to cause the ships under their command to be provided with chlorides of lime, that its virtue as a disinfectant may be tested.

An accident of a distressing nature occurred at a militia training, at Chaplin, Conn. last Monday. After the company was dismissed, a young man by the name of Chapman loaded his musket, saying, “I’ll give them one more,” and on discharging it the gun burst, and the unfortunate person received one of the fragments, which penetrated his heart and killed him instantly.

The Baltimore Chronicle says—the receipt of the Circus on Thursday night, was, we learn, \$1041. In announcing this fact, we are gratified to be enabled to state that the most perfect good order prevailed throughout the whole of the entertainment.

About 2000 tons of stone were broken at the House of Correction in Boston, last winter, for the purpose of Macadamizing streets in that city.

Thus these culprits being put to labour to make them mend their own ways, contributes to mend the ways of the city.

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Variety's the very soul of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Stretch the mileage of the bale,
The time will come when we
To see the infant's wrinkled birth,
Like her mother she'll not relish,
And that much would suffice,
But can tell half of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

These dreary days, and dolor nights,
We trace the marks of death;
To bear the load and burthen high,
With quietude, and with a smile,
We watch the last droop of life draw near,
And still this could not suffice,
But can tell half of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

To me in one short hour逝'd
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayer,
How vain a mother's care;
To think the cold grave was now most close
Over what was once the chief
Of all the treasures, joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past,
And death and death are over,
To bear the eye of faith to Heaven,
And think my child is there;
This beat out the sinking tear,
This gives the heart a lift,
Until the Christian's pure hope
Overcomes a mother's grief.

MIND YOUR STOPS.

An article illustrating the necessity of stops in punctuation, and composed with considerable ingenuity, has attracted our attention, in the miscellaneous department of a western paper.—It is probably as old as the hills; but never having seen it before ourselves, we presume it may be new to some of our readers also. The books of law might furnish some very interesting instances of the important results which sometimes ensue from inaccuracy of punctuation. It has been more than once that the intention of a will has been frustrated by the misplacing of a comma, and we believe that cases have occurred where lives have been both lost and saved by a trifling an inaccuracy. We quote a part of the paragraph which has occasioned these observations, that the reader may see how dependent the sense of an article sometimes is on the proper placing of the pauses.

"He is an old experienced MAN in vice and wickedness he is never FOUND in opposing the works of iniquity he takes DELIGHT in the downfall of his neighbors he never REJOICES in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always PLEASED when the poor are in distress he is always ready to ASSIST in destroying the peace and happiness of society he takes no MEASURE in serving the Lord he is unmercifully DILIGENT in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances, &c."

The character of the individual thus described depends, as the reader will see, upon the division of a few semicolons. If they be placed after the words which are printed in capitals, it is one which every man should emulate; but the case is quite the reverse if they are inserted after those printed in italics.

THE LAST DAY OF GRACE.

Ye Powers!
Thus dreadful note!—Day of doom!

I awoke in the morning before the usual time. My sleep had little of quiet. I dreamed of duns and Deputy Sheriffs. I was no better off when I awoke, for my note was to be paid off by two o'clock, and my pockets were empty. I put on my clothes. Dressing had enough at any time; but dressing when you have a note to pay before night is terrible. Every thing goes wrong. You fasten the wrong buttons, stick pins in your flesh, and twist your clothes villainously out of shape.

At breakfast nothing was better. The coffee was swilling hot; the toast fell into my lap, but toasted nice down. (Nankeens on.) No appetite. Felt dreary. Thought of my note—two o'clock must be paid.

"I have a whole thousand, at least, before me," said I, as I called forth, intending to make a desperate effort to raise the money by borrowing. "Mr. Q.—my dear friend, I have four hundred dollars to raise this forenoon; all which I must borrow."

"But Mr. Q.—had no cash. As to money, it was all sent to the bottom of the sea, he believed. The banks would not discount. Horrible world! I had so lieffer it thunder as 'the banks won't discount.'

So I went to Mr. X. and Mr. W. and Mr. Z. Notable. Hard times. People failing, banks won't discount.

"Then nothing remains for me," said I, "but to go to Sharp the broker. This was a worthy man who assisted needy gentlemen at critical times, out of pure friendship."

The nasal knew I was in search of him, as he stood talking with somebody at the corner of Congress street. I stumbled about near him, now trying to catch his eye, and now glancing at the dial in the Old State House, the hands of which moved with fearful rapidity towards the point beyond which there was no salvation of credit. What could he be talking about so long? It was strange he could not see me.

After waiting a long time, I succeeded in catching him as he pretended to be moving off. "Mr. Sharp," said I, "have you any money to-day?"

"Not a dollar. I overdraw my cash account at the Bank yesterday. Never saw such a time for money."

"If the thing be possible," said I, "I should like to have a note cashed."

"Ahem! and he, 'money is money now; I have a note to raise myself, but if you are in urgent need of this—'

"So much so," answered I, "that if it were for my own particular use, I could not want it less."

"I think," said he, "that I know a man who can do it for you, a particular acquaintance of mine—(very particular, I dare say, though I'll stop over the way and see him). Call on me in ten minutes."

"Very well, said I, and walked off.

My master found me out of sight, and then went into his office and sat down. Presently I came in. I knew very well what he was about to say.

"I have been to see the person I speak of," said he, "but did not find him. Wait a moment, and I will go and look." I sat down, and Mr. Sharp walked up to me, took a turn round the Old State House, and then came back.

"Ah, I have found him," said he, "but he is short of money." He looked at my watch.

"Cannot he do it at all?" asked I.

"Why, yes, but he demands 14 per cent. for cashing your note in 30 days."

I looked at my watch again—it wanted ten minutes of two. I looked at my aching and aching pocket. "There is no remedy," thought I, "when a man is between the devil and the deep sea"—"Sharp is my note, Mr. Sharp."

"You have made no hard a bargain with

him," said he, "that I ought not to ask any thing for my trouble." "How generous, thought I, "but as I must provide for my family—" "Your family must be home-bound," thought I; "if they were providing at this rate, 'I might have five dollars for my trouble.'"

There was no remedy again, so five dollars must wait. I got to the bank one minute before two. Coming away I saw a great monster of a dog, with a poor miserable half-starved puppy under his paw, squeezing the breath out of his body.

"There's a broker and his customer," thought I.—Boston Mercury.

DAYING WEST CANDLES.—In a village not far from Chester, a lady watered her kitchen, and found the oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the Country maid answered with the greatest simplicity: "Look you mistress, the candle was full in the wicks, and I was putting in the oven to dry."

A sturdy baggar, says the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle, accounted a merchant, on one of our wharves, and demanded alms. "Come to my store," said the gentleman, "and I'll give you work." This was not what he wanted; so he immediately stiffened his stout right arm, and limped away on as good a pair of legs as those of Vestris or Beauch. He came back, and asked, with a woful whine, whether there was water enough in the dock to drown a man. "Not here, but at the end of that long wharf you'll find plenty." He did not jump in.

Cooper and Wood, after performing Charles and Joseph Surface, sat down to supper in an eating house, near the theatre. Two critics entered the adjoining box. "Did you ever," said Dangle, "see any thing as bad as Wood's Joseph?" Cooper laughed, and Wood tried to do the same. "Yes," replied Snare, "Cooper's Charlie was ten times worse." It was now Wood's turn, and he made the most of it. This happened years ago. Now, even those who, in tragedy, feast on rant, fustian and bombast, are forced to confess that Wood's Joseph is one of the most perfect personations of our stage.

A number of drunken vagrants, when brought to the Police Office, N. Y. the other morning, said they were boiler makers—their appearance, it is remarked, evidently indicated that they lived by steam.

Lately, at the Brattleborough Lyceum, Vt., the question debated was, "Whether early marriage was productive of more good than evil?" The ladies voted, and it was decided in the affirmative by an overwhelming majority.

EPIPHANY ON ALEX. PENNY, IN WIMBORNE CHURCH-YARD.

Reader, if each art in want of any, Dig four feet deep, and then will find—A. PENNY.

TYPES FOR THE BLIND.—The gold Vulcan medal of the Society of Arts has been presented to Mr. G. Gibson, of Birmingham, who being blind himself, has invented a set of types, whereby he can write down his thoughts, perform arithmetical operations, and communicate the results of them not only to those who can see, but to persons laboring under the same privation with himself.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:—

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Never to dispute, if I can fairly avoid it.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman nor an infant.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself, and those who are near to me.

To live at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favour of the rich by flattery either their vanity or their vice.

To respect virtue, though clothed in rags.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my faults.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and a future state.

Not to flatter myself that I can act up to these rules, however honestly I may aim at them.

FLANNEL.—When any parts of our bodies come in contact with certain substances, as metals, we say they are cold; because, being good conductors of heat, they imbibe the caloric from the body more rapidly than other substances which are actually of the same temperature. If we apply this well known chemical principle to the different articles of clothing, we may at once see the superiority of wool, as a covering next the body, over all others. We may also perceive why flannel or baine, worn next the skin, comprises the most important essential for guarding the body against the dangers arising from the great and sudden changes, for which, at all seasons of the year, our climate is so very remarkable. Flannel is not only a slow conductor of heat, but a very rapid conductor of moisture—so that, while it retains the natural heat of the body, thus preventing the unpleasant chills so frequently felt, and the dangerous colds often following, after profuse sweats from over-exercise or other cause, when lined with the skin next the skin, it is of great service.

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